

48 FABLES in VERSE.

‘ Dear *Death*, oblige me now so far ;
 (And shew’d him an embroider’d star)
 My house upon that favourite hill,
 I fain would leave it in my will,
 With some contiguous lands that I
 Have had a long design to buy.’

The King of Terrors thus reply’d,
 Have not your friends—(I hope in heav’n)
 To you sufficient warning given !
 Your fever, near ten years ago,
 The palsy, which now shakes you so,
 Were messengers all sent by me,
 To warn you of your destiny.
 Then stand no more thus *shill-I-shall-I*,
 But come along with me, I tell ye.

M O R A L.

Each moment of our fleeting breath,
 Should warn us of approaching death.

R E F L E C T I O N.

To hear a man of eighty cry,
 And plead he’s not prepar’d to die,

Is

FABLES in

Is strange to a judicious e
 And shews his follies but
 We daily die, though feel
 Are soon decay’d and soon
 And every thing on earth
 Reads lectures of mortalit

